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BONDSMEN ARE PAYING SHORTAGE

Money to the Amount of \$11,612.45 Has Been Paid to Circuit Clerk

WILL BE CLEARED APRIL 1

Ames Bondsmen Are Clearing up the Shortage and Will Soon be Released From all Obligations

From the appearance of the records in the office of the county treasurer it appears that the bondsmen who were held responsible for the shortage found in the office of the county treasurer under Ames, will have their entire liability cleared up by the first of April.

Up to date there has been a total of \$11,612.45 paid to the office of the circuit clerk, and it is expected that every day will see a large sum turned over by the bondsmen until the entire amount is cleared up.

The first installment was paid March 10, the amount being \$450. Since that time the following amounts have been paid:

March 15—\$3,562.45.
March 18—\$5,600.00.
March 20—\$2,000.

This makes a total of \$11,612.45 paid in ten days, and it is thought that the record will be kept up by the bondsmen. The amount will be held in the office of the circuit clerk until the entire amount is paid, when it will be turned over to County Treasurer Carl Westerfield.

The bondsmen might have saved themselves over \$50 had they been willing to appear in court to answer the charge rather than waiting for the sheriff to serve the papers upon them. The sheriff's fees alone amounted to \$60.45, which might as well have been saved had the bondsmen not waited for the processes to be served.

An instrument was recorded by the county recorder whereby E. B. Williams and W. S. Westlake, two of the Ames bondsmen released a mortgage of the homestead of Dr. Ames at Antioch. The mortgage, which amounted to \$2,000 was turned back to the State Bank of Antioch by Mrs. Ellen Ames, in whose name the mortgage had been drawn.

MILLBURN FARM BUILDING BURNS TO THE GROUND

At about noon on Tuesday the farm house of Scott LeVoy at Millburn was entirely consumed by fire, the contents of the lower floor being all that was saved.

How the fire started seems to be a mystery. The house was a two story frame building with a lean-to kitchen, where the fire started, and was an entire mass of flames when the neighbors arrived. The high wind that was blowing at the time made it an easy prey to the elements and it was destroyed in a very short time. It was insured in the Millburn Insurance Co.

MRS. VAN PATTEN DIES VERY SUDDENLY

Sunday afternoon between the hours of three and four o'clock occurred the sudden and unexpected death of Mrs. David Van Patten at her home south west of Lake Villa. For some little time she had not been feeling well but was not considered dangerous in the slightest degree. On the day of her death she dispatched her household duties as usual and entertained guests at dinner, seemingly as well as usual. In the afternoon she was seized with a violent spell of coughing which resulted in the breaking of a blood vessel, her death following immediately. She was the third wife of David Van Patten and was about sixty years of age.

The funeral was held at St. Peter's church at Antioch Wednesday forenoon at eleven o'clock, with interment at Roscreans.

The Bicycle in Germany.
In Germany bicycles are now used almost exclusively by the working classes.

SET ADRIFT ON LAKE

University Freshman is Rescued by an Evanston Life Saver

George Buckshaw, a freshman in Northwestern university, was rescued from great peril in the lake Monday afternoon by Walter Lawson of the Evanston life saving crew, after having been set afloat on the water without oars by a party of students, who were initiating him into the Beta Theta Pi fraternity. Before the life savers could reach him the frail row boat had drifted almost two miles out into the lake and was in imminent danger of capsizing.

Buckshaw, who is a landsman and naturally averse to the lake, was forced into the boat and shoved out from the shore to make sport for his tormentors, who amusedly watched his vain efforts to get back to land. His cries attracted a large crowd of students, but in the meanwhile the stiff breeze blowing from the west had carried the boat beyond the reach of the ropes finally thrown out by his persecutors to tow him in.

Suddenly realizing the seriousness of the situation, the frightened students rushed up to the life saving station to obtain assistance for the drifting Beta. Buckshaw continued to wave his arms frantically and to call lustily for assistance from the shore, but the only response was the shrieks of the co-eds who had been attracted to the lake shore, until Lawson gave chase in the government boat.

When pulled from his boat Buckshaw was soaked with lake water and faint with fright. The boat was almost half filled with water and could not have kept afloat much longer among the high waves. He was cared for and recovered at the life saving station under the care of Captain Peter Jensen.

Violent initiations are strictly forbidden by the rules of Northwestern university, but the authorities took no action in the matter.

FRANCHISE MAY BE GIVEN

Hope of Stockholders in New Railroad is That People Will Give Ordinance

The spring weather and the call for the third installment of the subscriptions to the Waukegan, Rockford & Elgin Traction Company came together and it was appropriate that they should, says the Palatine Enterprise. The officers of the company are as enthusiastic as ever and are pradding on the contractors to rush the work. The latter have agreed that if this fine weather continues another two weeks, gangs of men will be on the ground and the electric railroad will be started on the last lap of the race for completion in time to haul summer traffic to Lake Zurich and Wauconda.

Good news also comes from Waukegan. Although the city council sat down on the franchise, under the commission form of government the question will be voted upon by the voters. The subscribers to stock of that city are paying their installment promptly. They are anxious that the line be completed to their place.

On good authority we are able to quote Superintendent Daily in saying that Palatine will have 30 minute service on some trains after the road is opened up and the Northwestern are in their new depot. Of course such trains will have to make their first stop and will give Palatine the same advantage in matter of time from Chicago as is enjoyed by Des Plaines and Park Ridge.

MANIAC CASE TO BE HEARD IN HIS HOME

George Odette, whose story was told briefly in the News at the time his mother died, the Warrenton maniac, who for the past 30 years has suffered confinement in a cell in a garret of the Odette farm house will not be taken to Waukegan to be tried as to his sanity, as was first reported, but will stand trial as he sits in his cell at his home. Odette will not wear any clothes but those furnished by nature. He bears his clothes from his body as fast as they can be replaced.

Odette's history reads stranger than fiction. Thirty years ago when visiting in Waukegan at a county fair he was driven insane by an electric shock. He was then committed to the Elgin Insane asylum for treatment. Later upon the prayer of his mother he was allowed to be caged in a cell at the Odette home which had been prepared for the purpose. His mother died recently and now there is no one left who can care for him. Strangers are unable to enter the cell, and it is expected that Sheriff Green will be compelled to rope the man as he sleeps in his cell when he starts out to take him to Elgin.

ANTIOCH TOWNSHIP ELECTION

E. L. Simons Wins Out for Supervisor Over Frank Kennedy by 36 Votes

BATES FOR COMMISSIONER

George Huber and Bert Bown for Constables, and Wallace Drom, J. K. Cribb, Frank Harden Committeemen

The annual township caucus of the town of Antioch was held on Saturday last in the village hall of Antioch, under the primary system. The total vote cast was 463 and the effort to nominate the candidate of one's choice was as intense as that of two years ago, although of a much quieter order.

The principal strife was like that of two years ago for the office of Supervisor, the same two candidates being in the field, and a difference of only nine votes in the total, existing between the two years.

One feature was, however, reversed, the two candidates exchanging places and E. L. Simons winning out by a majority of 36, while in the previous race he was defeated by 41.

The vote counted up as follows:

For Supervisor	
E. L. Simons	244
F. E. Kennedy	218

Total 462

For Commissioner of Highways	
N. B. Bates	175
Titus Lundin	150
John Wilcox	83

Total 408

For Constable	
Geo. Huber	266
Herbert Bown	53

Total 319

For Township Committeemen	
Wallace Drom	278
J. K. Cribb	239
F. B. Huber	220
Frank Harden	237

Total 983

A strange coincidence in connection with the fight for the office of supervisor is the fact that years ago Mr. Levi Simons, father of E. L. Simons, and Geo. Kennedy, father of Frank Kennedy, waged a similar battle for the same offices, Kennedy winning out at the caucus but was defeated at the election by Simons, who ran on the Independent ticket.

TELEPHONE CO. OFFICERS SETTLE DAMAGE CASE

Settlement of the damage case brought by Dr. Becker of Silver Lake against the Farmers' New Era Telephone company was made Monday at a special session of the directors of the company held in this village. The accident which brought about the case occurred at Wilmett early last December, when a large pole carrying the company's lead into Wilmett was blown down and Dr. Becker had his auto badly damaged as a result of running into the mess of tangled wires strung across the road.

Geo. Benedict, manager of the Wilmett exchange, was also hurt in the accident, his injuries being severe enough to lay him up for several weeks. Mr. Benedict was at the top of a nearby pole repairing the damage at the time the doctor's auto crashed into the wreckage and the force of the collision pulled over the pole on which Mr. Benedict was working and he was severely shaken up and otherwise injured in the fall to the frozen ground.

Settlement with Dr. Becker for damages he sustained was deferred until Monday of this week, when a special session of the company's directors was called for the purpose of closing the case. The exact amount involved in the settlement is withheld, though it is said the amount was sufficient to cover the claims of Dr. Becker and the company is satisfied that the case has been amicably settled.—Richmond Gazette.

Seaweeds.
Seaweeds do not obtain nourishment from the soil at the bottom of the sea, but from the matter contained in sea water.

FELTER HOME DESTROYED BY FIRE

Fire Fanned by High Wind is Cause of Property Loss of \$2,500

MOST OF FURNITURE SAVED

Gallant Work of Fire Fighters Assisted by Water Works, Prevents Spread to Adjoining Property

A disastrous fire broke out in the home of Adison Felter on Lake street just before noon Tuesday and considering the strong wind that was blowing at the time and the fact that the flames had gained considerable headway before help arrived, it was nothing short of a miracle that the building was not entirely consumed.

F. B. Huber who was working just across the street chanced to glance out and discovered that huge clouds of smoke were issuing from the roof of the Felter residence. He quickly spread the alarm and in a very short time the hook and ladder brigade and the hose carts were on the scene. Before their arrival the flames had burst through the roof, and fanned by the wind were swiftly spreading. A large crowd soon gathered and the lower floor of the house was emptied in short order. After some pretty lively hustling the flames were extinguished, but not until the roof was completely destroyed and the upper story a mass of ruins and the plaster on the entire house was practically ruined by water. In one room upstairs was packed furniture belonging to Mrs. Flora McGhee. Of this nothing was saved. In another room occupied by Miss Gertrude Felter, a very few articles of clothing escaped the flames, but were water soaked and stained almost beyond recognition.

A number of the lower windows are broken and the goods removed suffered somewhat from water and hasty handling. The origin of the fire is a complete mystery, the only solution being that it may have started from a defective chimney, although the only stove leading into it was a hard coal burner and the fire had not been replenished since Monday morning on account of the warm weather.

An insurance of \$2,000 was carried on the house and barn.

MILK PRICE IS TO BE SAME AS LAST SUMMER

An average price of \$1.26 for summer milk is the schedule announced by the Borden company last week, says the Richmond Gazette, which was contrasted with the different plants in this district. The average is the same as paid last season, but quite a little change is noticeable in the monthly prices. During April, May and June the prices paid this year will be less than a year ago, but for July, August and September this year's schedule shows an advance over last summer's prices.

While some of the Borden patrons in other towns are said to have been disappointed with the schedule, expecting higher prices, the patrons of the local plant seemed satisfied and all signed contracts.

The monthly prices to be paid this summer and those of a year ago are here given:

April	1.11	1.10
May	1.30	1.45
June	1.10	1.20
July	1.00	1.05
August	1.30	1.20
September	1.45	1.40

Rushing for Trains.
Mrs. Charles Whitney, who lives in Overbrook and whose husband comes to town every morning, called the maid yesterday with rather excited direction.
"Oh, Sarah!" she said, "I hadn't noticed how late it is. Go upstairs and tell Mr. Whitney to hurry or he'll miss his train."
"I have called him," Sarah answered proudly, "and he says, ma'am, that if I puts the grapefruit just outside the door and the chops on the top step and the rolls and coffee on the landing he can catch the 8:15 train."

BURNS GETS GOOD LEAD

Lake County in Recount Shows Steady Gain for Boone County Contestant

Thomas F. Burns has returned from Springfield confident that his contest for the legislative seat occupied by Joseph E. Anderson will be successful, says the Beldavere Republican.

Up to Thursday night the legislative committee had recounted seven precincts in Lake county, and Burns had gained 149 votes, overcoming Anderson's 62 majority and giving Burns a lead of 87. His greatest gains were in Antioch. Unless Anderson can show big gains somewhere else, it looks like a cinch.

The legislature adjourned Thursday evening until Tuesday of this week, taking a vacation in honor of St. Patrick.

It appears that there was considerable filibustering regarding the recount, and after a series of delays it began to look as if the legislative committee never would get to the recount, in fact, it looked as if possibly they did not care to recount the ballots in this district.

It is said, however, that members of the committee were given to understand that unless there was a recount and a square deal all around, that the matter would be taken on the floor of the legislature and fought to a finish. Then they got busy.

There are no charges of fraud in this recount; the contest being based entirely on a claim of errors in the count. As far as the count has gone, the errors appear to have been made by judges giving Burns only one vote on straight democratic ballots, where he should have had three votes. These errors were not made by the same judges in relation to Anderson's vote, because the number of straight Prohibition ballots was small and Anderson's vote was secured largely from republicans who split to him, splitting the vote with the republican candidates and the split votes appear to have been correctly counted.

It will probably take a couple of weeks to finish the recount.

DEATH CLAIMS MRS. REA

Former Trevor Resident Dies Suddenly at Her Home in Fargo, N. D.

Wednesday evening of last week occurred the very sudden death of Mrs. David Rea at her home at Fargo, North Dakota. Relatives here were apprised of her illness by telegram at eight o'clock Wednesday evening and about nine o'clock another telegram announced her death, but through a misunderstanding the last telegram was telephoned from Lake Villa to the wrong place and in the meantime her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. John Pitcher, and sister, Mrs. Chas. Sibley, had taken the midnight train enroute to Fargo. At St. Paul news of her death reached them.

Edith Helen Pitcher was born Nov. 9, 1879 and in September of 1896 she was united in marriage to David Rea of Trevor. At that place they resided one year and then at St. Paul for two years. They then returned to Trevor for two years and moved from there to Fargo where they have since made their home. Her death was caused by neuritis of the heart and was seriously ill only a few hours. A trained nurse being with her during that time. A couple of days previous she had suffered from a slight headache and a touch of neuralgia but not until Wednesday evening did the serious symptoms develop. She leaves to mourn their loss her husband and two daughters, Zella and Myrtle aged 10 and 12 years, her father and mother and two sisters, Mrs. Wm. Evans of Trevor and Mrs. Chas. Sibley of Antioch.

The deceased was widely known in the vicinity of Antioch and Trevor and her many friends here extend sympathy to the bereaved family. The remains arrived here Sunday morning and the funeral was held Sunday afternoon at the M. E. church. The remains were laid to rest in the Liberty cemetery.

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LAKE VILLA MAN BUYS LUMBER CO.

The St. Charles Lumber company of St. Charles, Ill., organized 20 years ago by William A. Lillibridge, was sold Saturday, the property and entire lumber business being sold to Chas. Harbaugh of Lake Villa. The new owner will take possession of the property at once, adding a fourth lumber yard and business to his string of similar properties. He will place his son, Herbert Harbaugh, in charge of the St. Charles business, the younger Harbaugh making St. Charles his home in a few weeks.

ANTI-LORIMER MEETING IN ROW

Defenders of the Honor of Lorimer Create Scene at Meeting Sunday

MEETING ENDS IN EXODUS

A. K. Stearns in Speech is Denounced With Hisses and Cat Calls by Anti-Lorimer Men

A warm time, which recalled to the minds of the older residents of the city the old time republican and democratic caucuses which formerly held sway in the city, was had at the anti-Lorimer meeting in the circuit court room Sunday afternoon.

For a time it looked as if Deputy Sheriff Clinton Green, who was present at the meeting, would have to be called upon to restore order, so loud came the clamor when Attorney A. K. Stearns of Lake Bluff and Waukegan arose and defended the honor of Senator Lorimer.

The meeting opened as peaceably as a heaving bee, but it was not long before there was evidence of an element of discord. There were a number of men present who represented the Lorimer faction of the city, and as soon as the first speech was finished A. K. Stearns, who represents one of the men who voted for Lorimer on the floor of the general assembly of Illinois, arose and defended his position. His remarks became slightly personal to some of the pastors present, who, he said, were like small terriers snapping at the heels of a huge mastiff.

Sheets of "sit down and shut up," arose from all parts of the court room from those who opposed Lorimer. A vote was taken as to whether Stearns should be allowed to continue, and as the number of Lorimer men was larger than those opposing him, he was allowed to proceed. There were hisses and cat calls at various stages of his speech, but he continued in spite of all.

He defended himself, Lorimer and congress in general, and stated that there was no good to be obtained from meetings of that sort. He claimed that there were many Lorimer votes which were not counted, and that he would have had sufficient to elect him without those alleged to have been purchased from Holtslaw and other democrats.

Senator Olson failed to appear at the meeting and the session was held without him. The first speaker of the afternoon was Dr. R. H. Nesbitt. He read a message from Governor Eugene Foss, brother of Congressman Foss, on good government, which was well received.

Next came the speech of former Representative A. K. Stearns, followed by a number of speakers, impromptu, and a general exodus from the room of all Lorimer sympathizers. The reason for the exodus was the statement of Rev. George McGinnis that the meeting was purely one against Lorimer, and that any speeches in favor of Lorimer were out of order.

Rev. Clendenning of the First Methodist church took exception to the statement, claiming that no resolution stated as coming from the citizens of Waukegan was right unless all were heard from. Rev. Clendenning left the room immediately in company with A. K. Stearns and William Denne leaders of the Lorimer faction of the city. These men were followed by about fifty more of the audience, and after all opposition had left, the following resolution was passed without a dissenting vote:

WHEREAS, We believe that the election of Wm. Lorimer to the United States senate was obtained by corrupt means, and,

WHEREAS, The vote of Shelby M. Cullum was the prime factor which influenced the United States senate to retain Wm. Lorimer in his seat, and,

WHEREAS, We believe that if such practices are allowed to go unwhipped of justice and unnotified by an indignant and outraged people, that the republic cannot endure, therefore be it

RESOLVED, By citizens of Waukegan regardless of party that we condemn each and every one of the forty

(Continued on fourth page)

A. B. JOHNSON, Publisher

ANTIOCH ILLINOIS

When a Man Marries

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Author of "The Circular Staircase," "The Man in Lower Ten," etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

James Wilson or Jimmy as he is called by his friends, Jimmy was round and looked shorter than he really was. His ambition in life was to be taken seriously, but people steadily refused to do so, his art is considered a huge joke. Except to himself, if he asked people to dinner, everyone expected a frolic. Jimmy marries Bella Knowles; they live together a year and are divorced. Jimmy's friends arrange to celebrate the first anniversary of his divorce. The party is in full swing when Jimmy receives a telegram from his Aunt Selma, who will arrive in four hours to visit him and his wife. Jimmy gets his funds from Aunt Selma and after he marries she doubles his allowance. He neglects to tell her of his divorce. Jimmy takes Kit into his confidence, he tries to devise some way so that his aunt will not learn that he has a younger wife. He suggests that Kit play the hostess for one night, he Mrs. Wilson pretends. Aunt Selma arrives and the deception works out as planned. Jimmy's step-servant, a taken ill, Bella, Jimmy's divorced wife, enters the house and asks Kit who is being taken away in the ambulance? He insists it is Jim. Kit tells her Jim is well and is in the house. Bella tells Kit it wasn't Jim she wanted to see, but Takahira, the Jap servant. Harrison steps out on the porch and discovers a man taking a car out of the door. He demands an explanation. The man points to the policeman and Harrison sees the word "Snatch" printed on it. The guests suddenly realize their predicament, the women shed tears, the men consider it a good joke. Harrison pleads with Kit to tell him the real situation of things. She finally tells him of Bella's incarceration in the basement. The all important question arises as to who is to prepare the meals and perform the other household duties. Harrison finally solves the matter. He writes out slips containing the various departments of his or her duties.

CHAPTER VII. (Continued.)

Well, it ended by Jim's graciously permitting Bella to remain—there being nothing else to do—and by his magnanimously agreeing to keep her real identity from Aunt Selma and Mr. Harrison, and to break the news of her presence to Anne and the rest. It created a sensation beside which Anna's pearls faded away, although they came to the front again soon enough.

Jim broke the news at once, gathering everybody but Harrison and Aunt Selma in the upper hall. He was palpitantly nervous, but he tried to carry it off with a high hand.

"It's unfortunate," he said, looking around the circle of faces, each one frozen with amazement, and just a suspicion, perhaps, of incredulity. "It's particularly unfortunate for her. You all know how high-strung she is, and if the papers should get hold of it—well, we'll all have to make it as easy as we can for her."

With Jim's eye on them, they all swallowed the butler story without a gulp. But Anne was indignant. "It's like Bella," she snapped. "Well, she has made her bed and she can lie on it. I'm sure I shan't make it for her. But if you want to know my opinion, Mr. Harrison may be a fool, but you can't ram two Bellas, both nee Knowles, down Miss Caruthers' throat with a stick."

We had not thought of that before and every one looked blank. Finally, however, Jim said Bella's middle name was Constantia, and we decided to call her that. But it turned out afterward that nobody could remember it in a hurry, and generally when we wanted to attract her attention, we walked across the room and touched her on the shoulder. It was quicker and safer.

The name decided, we went downstairs in a line to welcome Bella, to try to make her feel at home, and to forget her deplorable situation. Lella had worked herself into a really sympathetic frame of mind.

"Poor dear," she said, on the way down. "Now don't grin, anybody, just be cordial and glad to see her. I hope she doesn't cry. You know the spells she takes."

We stopped outside the door, and everybody tried to look cheerful and sympathetic and not grumpy—which was as hard as looking as if we had had a cup of tea—and then Jim threw the door open and we filed in.

Bella was comfortably reading by the fire. She had her feet up on a stool and a pillow behind her head. She did not even look at us for a minute, then she merely glanced up as she turned a page.

"Dear me," she said mockingly, "what a lot of trouble you all are! I had hoped it was some one with my breakfast."

Then she went on reading. As Lella said afterward, that kind of person ought to be divorced.

Aunt Selma came down just then and I left everybody trying to explain Bella's presence to her, and fled to the kitchen. The Harrison man appeared while I was sitting hopelessly in front of the gas range, and showed me about it.

"I don't know that I ever saw one," he said cheerfully, "but I know the

theory. Likewise, by the same token, this tea-kettle, set on the flame, will boil. That is not theory, however. That is early knowledge. 'Polly, put the kettle on; we'll all take tea.' Look at that, Mrs. Wilson. I don't fight bacilli with boiled water at Chickamauga for nothing."

And then he let out the policeman and brought him into the kitchen. He was a large man, and his face was a curious mixture of amazement, alarm and dignity. No doubt we did look queer, still in parts of our evening clothes and I in the white silk lace petticoat that belonged under my gown, with a yellow and black pajama coat of Jimmy's as a sort of breakfast jacket.

"This is Officer Flannigan," Mr. Harrison said. "I explained our unfortunate position earlier in the morning, and he is prepared to accept our hospitality. Flannigan, every person in this house has got to work, as I also explained to you. You are appointed dish-washer and scullery maid."

The policeman looked dazed. Then, slowly, like dawn over a sleeping lake, a light of comprehension grew in his face.

"Sure," he said, laying his helmet on the table. "I'll be glad to be doing anything I can to help. Me and Mrs. Wilson—we used to be friends. It's many the time I've opened the carriage door for her, and she with her head in the air, and for all that, the pleasant smile. When any one around her was having a party and wanted a special officer, it was Mrs. Wilson that always said, 'Get Flannigan. He's your man.'"

My heart had been going lower and lower. So he knew Bella, and he knew I was not Bella, although he had not grasped the fact that I was usurping her place. And the odious Harrison man sat on the table and swung his feet.

"I wonder if you know," he said, looking around him, "how good it is to see a white woman so perfectly at home in a civilized kitchen again, after two years of food cooked by a filthy Indian squaw over a portable sheet-iron stove!"

So perfectly at home! I stood in the middle of the room and stared around at the copper things hanging up and the rows of blue and white crockery, and the dozens and hundreds of complicated-looking utensils, whose names I had never even heard, and I was dazed. I tried with some show of authority to instruct Flannigan about gathering up the soiled things, and, after listening in puzzled silence for a minute, he stripped off his blue coat with a tolerant smile.



"Me and Mrs. Wilson—We Used to Be Friends."

"Lave 'em to me, miss," he said. The "miss" passed unnoticed. "I mayn't giv' 'em a Turkish bath, which is what you are describin', but I'll get the grease off all right. I always clean up while the missus is in bed with a young 'un."

He rolled up his sleeves, found a brown checked gingham apron behind the door, and tied it around his neck with the ease of practice. Then he cleared off the plates, eating what appealed to him as he did so, and stopping now and again for a deep-throated chuckle.

"I'm thinkin'," he said once, stopping with a dish in the air, "what a deuce of a noise there will be when the vaccination doctor comes around this mornin'! In a week every one of us will be nursin' a sore arm or walkin' on one leg, beggins' your pardon, miss. The last time the force was vaccinated, I asked to be done behind me ear; I needed me legs and I needed me arms, but didn't need me head much!"

He threw his head back and laughed. Mr. Harrison laughed too. Oh, we were very cheerful! And that awful stove stared at me, and the kettle began to hum, and Aunt Selma sent down word that she was not well, and would like some omelet on her tray. Omelet!

I knew that it was made of eggs, but that was the extent of my knowledge. I muttered an excuse and ran upstairs to Anna, but she was still sniffling over her necklace, and said she didn't know anything about omelets and didn't care. Food would choke her. Neither of the Mercer girls knew either, and Bella, who was still reading in the den, absolutely declined to help.

"I don't know, and I wouldn't tell you if I did. You can get yourself out, as you got yourself in," she said nastily. "The simplest thing, if you don't mind my suggesting it, is to poison the coffee and kill the lot of us. Only, if you decide to do it, let me know; I want to live just long enough to see Jimmy Wilson writhe!"

Bella is the kind of person who gets on one's nerves. She finds a grievance and hugs it; she does ridiculous things and blames other people. And she sits

I went down-stairs despondently, and found that Mr. Harrison had discovered some eggs and was standing hopelessly staring at them.

"Omelet—eggs. Eggs—omelet. That's the extent of my knowledge," he said, when I entered. "You'll have to come to my assistance."

It was then that I saw the cook-book. It was lying on a shelf beside the clock, and while Mr. Harrison had his back turned I got it down. It was quite clear that the domestic type of woman was his ideal, and I did not care to outrage his belief in me. So I took the cook-book into the pantry and read the recipe over three times. When I came back I knew it by heart, although I did not understand it.

"I will tell you how," I said with a great deal of dignity, "and since you want to help, you may make it yourself."

He was delighted. "Fine!" he said. "Suppose you give me the idea first. Then we'll go over it slowly, bit by bit. We'll make a big fluffy omelet, and if the others aren't around, we'll eat it ourselves."

"Well," I said, trying to remember exactly, "you take two eggs—"

"Two!" he repeated. "Two eggs for ten people!"

"Don't interrupt me," I said irritably. "If—If two isn't enough we can make several omelets, one after the other."

He looked at me with admiration. "Who else but you would have thought of that!" he remarked. "Well, here are two eggs. What next?"

"Separate them," I said easily. No, I didn't know what it meant. I hoped he would; I said it as casually as I could, and I did not look at him. I knew he was staring at me, puzzled.

"Separate them!" he said. "Why, they aren't fastened together!" Then he laughed. "Oh, yes, of course!"

When I looked he had put one at each end of the table. "Afraid they'll quarrel, I suppose," he said. "Well, now they're separated."

"Then beat."

"First separate, then beat!" he repeated. "The author of that cook-book must have had a mean disposition. What's next? Hang them?" He looked up at me with his boyish smile.

"Separate and beat," I repeated. If I lost a word of that recipe I was gone. It was like saying the alphabet; I had to go to the beginning every time, mentally.

"Well," he reflected, "you can't beat an egg, no matter how cruel you may be, unless you break it first." He picked up an egg and looked at it. "Separate!" he reflected. "Ah—the white from the—whatever you cooking experts call it—the yellow part."

"Exactly!" I exclaimed, light breaking on me. "Of course, I knew you would find out." Then back to the recipe—"beat until well mixed; then fold in the whites."

"Fold?" he questioned. "It looks pretty thin to fold, doesn't it? I—upon my word, I never heard of folding an egg. Are you—but of course you know. Please come and show me how."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Dog and a Bum.

In a vacant lot at the corner of Eleventh and Larimer streets was an old white dog that wasn't well. He crawled over near a billboard and lay down. Lots of people saw him, but nobody paid any attention to him until a tramp-like fellow came along. He was "Hard Times" personified. He went over and petted the dog.

"What's the matter, old boy?" he asked. "Sick?"

The dog seemed to appreciate the uncouth one's attentions. The man petted him a little more.

"Well, I'll get you a drink," he said. He went to a saloon near by and returned with a tin basin full of water. The dog lapped up some of the water and the man poured the rest on the animal's head. In a couple of minutes more the dog arose and slowly walked away, wagging his tail. He was much better.

Just an old dog—just an old bum—just an old—Denver Times.

Girl Messengers for Postoffice.

Arrangements for the employment of girls instead of boys as indoor messengers in the general postoffice and in some of the principal provincial postoffices are being completed, and it is anticipated that the experiment will be made on January 1 at the latest. At St. Martin's-le-Grand it is hoped to employ the girls mainly in the telephone and telegraph departments, where women form a considerable proportion of the staff. The wage to be paid to the girl messengers will be one shilling less than that of the boys.—London Times.

A Hard Job.

"So that's the baby, eh?" "That's the baby." "Well, I hope you will bring it up to be a conscientious, God-fearing man."

"I am afraid that will be rather difficult."

"Pshaw! As the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

"I know, but this twig is bent on being a girl, and we are inclined to let it go at that."

Things He Had Misled.

"I never spent money as freely as you do," said the young man's father. "Neither did I play football nor engage in other hazardous amusements."

"It's too bad," was the thoughtful reply, "but I don't see why you should tell me your troubles."

Couldn't.

"Go home with your wife and settle your troubles out of court."

"No, your honor, I refuse to strike a woman!"

DEATH OF BOER WAR LEADER

General Piet A. Cronje, a Famous Fighter of South Africa, Passed Away.

Cape Town, S. A.—Gen. Piet A. Cronje, the great Boer soldier who commanded the western army of the South African republics during the recent war, passed away recently. General Cronje was born in the Orange Free State in 1836 and was of Huguenot descent. Early in life he became prominent in civil affairs and for 20 years he was on the executive staff of the Transvaal republic. He was a leader in the uprising of the Boers against British annexation in 1880.



Gen. Piet A. Cronje.

which established the South African republic, with Paul Kruger as president.

In 1895 Cronje frustrated the Jameson raid at Kruger'sdorp. At the beginning of the war between the Boers and the British in 1899 he was placed in command of the Boer army of the west, the Orange Free State forces. He directed the sieges of Mafeking and Kimberley. After numerous and gallant reverses the British government sent out Field Marshal Lord Roberts and Gen. Lord Kitchener, with many thousands of fresh troops, to overwhelm the hardy Boers. Cronje and his forces were brought to bay at a point on Modder river, near Paardeberg, where their position was impregnable to assault, but greatly exposed to artillery fire from the surrounding heights. After a ten days' siege Cronje's 3,000 men had suffered so much that they could endure no more and the Boer general was forced to surrender February 27, the anniversary of Majuba.

The British government sent Cronje to St. Helena, but after the war released him. With a picked force of his army associates he gave exhibitions of Boer methods of drill and warfare at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in 1904. He owned several thousand acres of land and was considered one of the wealthy men of South Africa.

After the war General Cronje lived as an autocrat and a patriarch amid his farms and his herds, respected by many and feared by all.

OAK IN A BOWLDER'S GRIP

Great Tree Has Grown Defiantly From Between the Severed Halves of Big Stone.

Wilton, N. H.—The oaks hereabouts are sturdy, noble in appearance, and remarkably persistent in making a place for themselves on the landscape. On a rise of ground, near the town's center, known as "Burns Hill," there is a huge bowlder, which by some accident of the elements was long ago split near the center and the severed pieces spread apart.

An acorn from a nearby oak having by wind or squirrel found its way into the cleft took root and grew. The



Oak and Bowlder.

airs and euns and winds and rains of New Hampshire fed and cared for it, and as the years rolled their courses the tree waxed in health and bulk until it loomed strong and defiant above its stony root place, and attracted the attention of all who passed.

The cleft first made in the great stone was gradually pushed wider as the oak grew in strength and importance. From a small opening at the top the gap has been opened nine feet, while at the base the big halves have sundered 30 inches. All of the old inhabitants know the tree, and many of the oldest remember family lore regarding it. The oak is thought to be about 300 years old.

NEGRO EDUCATOR HIT

WHITE MAN INJURES BOOKER T. WASHINGTON AT NEW YORK.

CHARGES HE SPOKE TO WIFE

Tuekegee Head Unable to Appear in Court Because of Injuries—Declares He Was Searching For a Friend.

New York.—Dr. Booker T. Washington was not able to appear in court Monday because of injuries he received when he was attacked by a white man late Sunday night, according to the statement of his attorney, and the hearing of a charge against Albert Ulrich, the carpenter arrested on his complaint of felonious assault, was postponed. Ulrich was held in \$1,500 bail.

Ulrich, a white man, maintained that he was acting within his rights when he pursued the negro educator for several blocks before a policeman appeared. Ignorant of the negro's identity, he declared that his wife had complained to him of a negro she had met in the hallway of their flat house "a West Sixty-third street."

Dr. Washington, who was sent to Flower hospital, where 16 stitches were taken in his scalp, asserted that his mission to that neighborhood was perfectly legitimate and that he had been made the innocent victim of a most atrocious assault.

Attorney Smith, who represented Dr. Washington, told Magistrate Cornell that his client had 11 wounds and that one of them had caused a severe hemorrhage of the ear.

A short affidavit was then made by Policeman Tierney, who brought Ulrich in court, and on this the prisoner was held.

Washington, who went to his apartments at the Hotel Manhattan after having his wounds dressed, told the police that he had received a letter from his secretary saying that D. C. Smith, the auditor of Tuekegee institute, of which he is the head, was in New York city, and desired to see him.

"This letter said Mr. Smith was stopping with a cousin, giving the name and address," said Mr. Washington. "On Sunday I attended church services twice, and, after speaking at a church in the evening, I recalled the letter concerning Smith and decided to look him up. I discovered that I had left the letter in other clothes at the hotel, but I thought I could recall the name as something like Moore, and the address as being West Sixty-third street. I went there and commenced to look at the name plates on the letter boxes in the halls of the different houses, seeking the name of Mr. Smith's cousin. It was while thus engaged that I was attacked."

Ulrich, in an interview with his lawyers and others in court, said: "About nine o'clock my wife took one of our dogs out into the street. We live on the ground floor of the house. When she returned she said that she had seen a negro in the hall and that he spoke to her. I went out and saw a man in the hall. The man went out of the vestibule doors ahead of me when I came out."

Ulrich said he saw the negro re-enter the hallway and later saw him "bending down at my door peering through the keyhole." Ulrich said that the negro swung a blow at his jaw when he asked him what he wanted.

LIMANTOUR IN MEXICO CITY

Wants All to Rally to General Diaz and Avoid International Complications.

Mexico City.—With a warning to all Mexicans that with every day the rebellion continues the danger of international complications increases, a plea to them to rally to the support of General Diaz, and a declaration that the government never can enter into peace negotiations with individuals in arms, Finance Minister Jose Yves Limantour Monday entered upon the task of pacification, which the world, at least, has set for him, and upon the outcome of which the world is interested.

The special car in which he traveled from New York reached the National station here Monday.

Hundreds of persons, among whom were many officials and a sprinkling of women, were on hand to greet the travelers.

President Diaz's greeting was conveyed through one of his official family, the meeting between the two most talked of men in the republic having been deferred until later.

Senator Limantour asserted that the statement that he was the bearer of conditions for the establishment of peace, placed in his hands by the Madros in New York, was an absurdity. Of the insurrection itself Senator Limantour had nothing to add, he said, to what he had previously said, that it constitutes treason.

Appointed to Panama Sonch. Washington.—President Taft appointed W. W. Warwick of Cincinnati judge of the supreme court of the Panama canal zone. Mr. Warwick served for several years as chief law clerk in the office of the comptroller of the treasury.

O'Kelly Sails for Ireland. Syracuse, N. Y.—Con O'Kelly, Tommy Ryan's "white man's" hope, started for New York Monday to sail for his home in Ireland for a three-months' visit. O'Kelly is in poor health.

LEADING QUESTION.



Grace—What lovely sleighing weather, Jack!

Jack—Yes, it is. Would you like to try it?

Grace—Dear me, I should be delighted!

Jack—Do you think your father would loan his horse?

EYES WOULD BURN AND STING

"It is just a year ago that my sister came over here to us. She had been here only a few weeks when her eyes began to be red, and to burn and sting as if she had sand in them. Then we used all of the home remedies. She washed her eyes with salt water, used hot tea to bathe them with, and bandaged them over night with ten leaves, but all to no purpose. She went to the drug store and got some salve, but she grew constantly worse. She was scarcely able to look in the light. At last she decided to go to a doctor, because she could hardly work any more. The doctor said it was a very severe disease, and if she did not follow his orders closely she might lose her eyesight. He made her eyes burn and applied electricity to them, and gave her various ointments. In the two and a half or three months that she went to the doctor, we could see very little improvement."

"Then we had read so much how people had been helped by Cuticura that we thought we would try it, and we cannot be thankful enough that we used it. My sister used the Cuticura Pills for purifying the blood, bathed only with Cuticura Soap, and at night after washing, she anointed her eyes very gently on the outside with the Cuticura Ointment. In one week, the swelling was entirely gone from the eyes, and after a month there was no longer any mucus or watering of the eyes. She could already see better, and in six weeks she was cured." (Signed) Mrs. Julia Cospietka, 2005 Utah St., St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 25, 1910.

Railroading and Dancing. Stuart C. Leake, who has a lot to do with managing a big railroad in Richmond, Va., is noted as one of the best dancers in the south.

One night something went wrong with the branch of the road over which Leake has supervision.

"Where is thunder was Leake?" asked the president of the road next morning.

"Leading a german," said the general manager.

"Which," commented the president, "was a drix Irish trick."—Popular Magazine.

Cause and Effect.

"Where is Bill today?" "Bill is sick in bed."

"What's the matter with him?" "Well, you know that girl of his thinks he doesn't use tobacco. Yesterday he was hurrying around the corner and he ran right into the girl. He had a chew in his mouth."

"Yes, yes; go on."

"There were two things to do—hurry by or swallow."

"Well?"

"Bill talked to her for five minutes."

Bold Scribe.

"Ho, hum!" ejaculated honest Farmer Hornback, who had encountered in the village newspaper an example of the perversity which the linotype sometimes displays. The editor of the Plaindealer ain't afraid to speak his mind. He comes right out and says: 'In our opinion the Hon. Thomas Rott has lyddoonkzounstotttptt pa inawwv trahahaha hawzw zonskibby.' And, by jolly! he says it as if he meant it, too!"—Puck.

A FOOD STORY

Makes a Woman of 70 "One in 10,000."

The widow of one of Ohio's most distinguished newspaper editors and a famous leader in politics in his day, says she is 70 years old and a "stronger woman than you will find in ten thousand," and she credits her fine physical condition to the use of Grape-Nuts.

"Many years ago I had a terrible fall which permanently injured my stomach. For years I lived on a preparation of corn starch and milk, but it grew so repugnant to me that I had to give it up. Then I tried, one after another, a dozen different kinds of cereals, but the process of digestion gave me great pain."

"It was not until I began to use Grape-Nuts food three years ago that I found relief. It has proved, with the dear Lord's blessing, a great boon to me. It brought me health and vigor such as I never expected to again enjoy, and in gratitude I never fail to sound its praises." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a Reason." Look for it in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," to be found in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

BIG GAME of the ARCTIC ICE

by E. P. LARNED

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FIELD & MERRILL

IT WAS due to the initiative of and to the preparations made by Mr. G. F. Norton of New York and to his kindness in including me in the party, that I owe this opportunity to set forth here a brief account of the hunting trip taken by Fred Norton, Harry Whitney and myself during the summer of 1908 on the sailing steamer Erik, which sailed as tender to the Roosevelt as far as Etah, North Greenland, on the memorable expedition of that year, which resulted in the discovery of the pole by Commander Robert E. Peary. Whitney was a member of the party until we left Etah to return home.

The ship being our headquarters for the whole of the trip, we were able to take along as large an outfit as we wished. In addition to the usual paraphernalia we took with us an 18-foot whaleboat propelled by a three-horsepower gasoline engine.

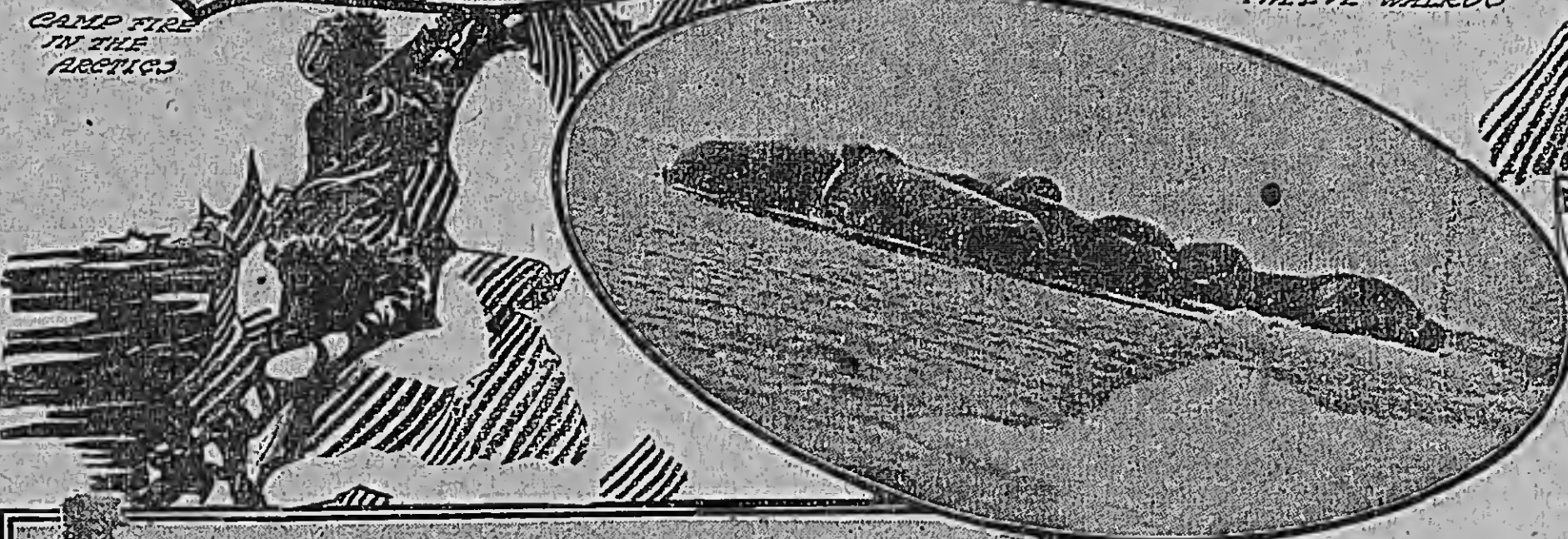
Sydney, Cape Breton Island, was the rendezvous for the two ships of this expedition, the Roosevelt and the Erik, to which place Norton and I proceeded by train from New York. The Erik had come from St. John's several days before and was taking on coal and provisions. The Roosevelt arrived on the fourteenth, with Whitney and other members of the expedition, with the exception of Commander Peary, who came by train on the same day. At Sydney we met Mr. Craft, from Carnegie Institute, Washington, who was to become a welcome member of our party aboard the Erik.

Of the ship's company was Capt. Sam Bartlett, uncle of Captain Doh, of the Roosevelt; first mate, Tom Bartlett, at one time skipper for Dr. Grenfell; second mate, Harold Bartlett, son of the "old man," as the crew called Captain Sam; chief engineer, Richard Pike; second engineer, Jim; another Jim, the steward; Joe White, the cabin boy, and the cook, boatswain, two stokers and a crew of five sailors—all Newfoundlanders with the exception of the cabin boy, who was, I believe, an elevator boy in a New York hotel before we took him along as chief administrator, to our comfort. This was the gathering aboard the Erik when she sailed out of Sydney on Friday, July 17, at 12:30 a. m., leaving the Roosevelt to follow later and making the start of a polar expedition which was to become in a little over a year's time, the most famous in history.

We passed through the Straits of Belle Isle during the night of the eighteenth, having experienced both clear and foggy weather and a drop in the temperature to 40 degrees



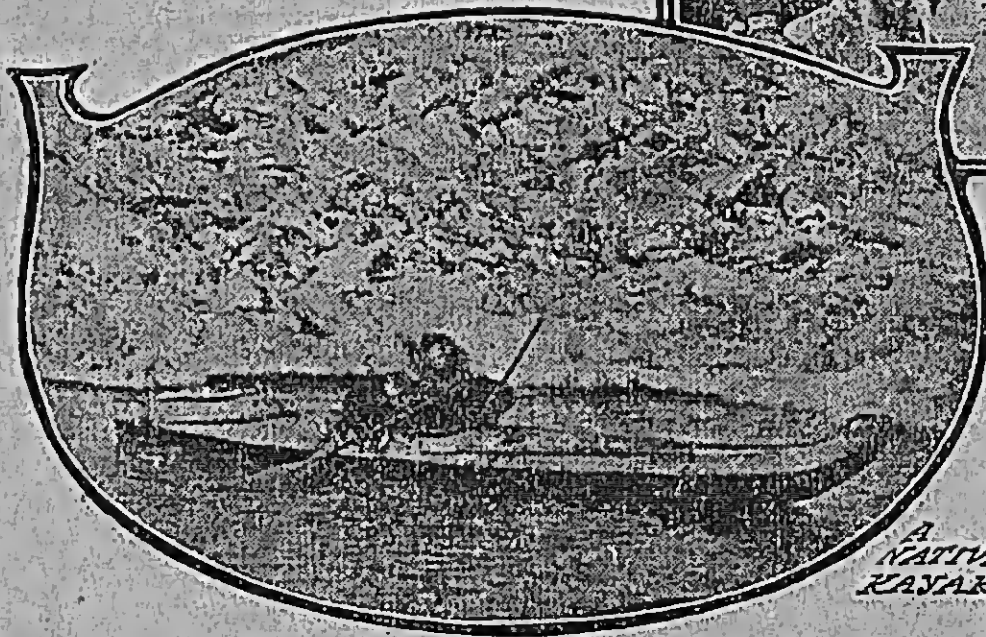
CAMP FIRE
IN THE
ARCTICS



ICE PAN WITH
TWELVE WALRUS



NATIVES AND TYPICAL BOAT



A
NATIVE
KAYAK

Fahrenheit, making Hawk Harbor, a whaling station and factory on the Labrador coast, Sunday evening at eight.

The whale meat for which we came to Hawk Harbor having been stowed on deck forward we left in company with the Roosevelt on Tuesday afternoon and the following day entered the harbor at Turalvik, our last stop on the Labrador coast. In the midst of a thunderstorm. Turalvik is a fishing station, and here Capt. Bob Bartlett said good-by to his father, Capt. William Bartlett, who is owner of the station.

The run through Davis strait, across Baffin and Melville bays, around Cape York and into North Star bay, where we waited for the Roosevelt, consumed nine days, during which time we overhauled our outfit, worked on a sail for the whaleboat and fished for gulls that wouldn't bite. We crossed the arctic circle on the twenty-eighth of July. At midnight on the thirtieth of July I took a snapshot photograph of the ship from the end of the bowsprit.

The Roosevelt came in on the third of August, having stopped at Cape York to pick up dogs and natives, and at the suggestion of Peary we lost no time in preparing for a walrus hunt. Commander Peary helped us in every way possible—indeed he had done from the start and continued to do until the ships separated—procuring Eskimo guides for us and telling us where to go and what to do when we got there. We left the ship at three in the morning with three Eskimo guides, steering our power whaleboat west through Wolstenholme sound to where Saunders Island lifts its steep, bare sides, washed on the west by the open water of Baffin bay. In the sound and about Saunders Island, congregated the old bull walrus, while further north in the Whale sound regions are found only the cows and young bulls.

Off the eastern end of the island one of the Eskimo pointed to a black spot on a floating cake of ice, and as we pushed nearer the black turned to a dirty brownish yellow, soon easily recognized as two big walrus lying asleep on the lee pan. The engine was stopped and the boat drifted up quietly. Two Eskimo stood in the bow with harpoons ready, I stood next, and the others somewhere behind me. When within about 30 feet both walrus raised their heads, showing long white tusks and thick necks criss-crossed with scars. As Whit-

ney and I fired they started sliding off the pans into the water. The Eskimo in the bow, first to throw his harpoon, missed the nearest animal as he sank, but the second man threw true, and the line slipped over the bow, tightening with a jerk as he snubbed it on a cleat. So we had one walrus, at any rate, hard and fast on the business end of the line. When he came up to breathe—for he was far from dead—I fired at him again and missed, and he ducked under. The same thing happened several times, and though I did finally finish him with a bullet through his brain, I had no idea until then what a lot of practice it takes to shoot accurately out of a boat when rocked even by small waves, as was ours.

The sixth of August was calm and warm, the sun shone brightly and the innumerable pans of floating ice glistened under the slanting rays, as the Erik shoved her nose into the mouth of Whale sound.

"Just the day for walrus—no wind and they'll be out on the ice sleeping in the sun," said Mat Hansen, who had come aboard from the Roosevelt to take charge of the hunt; and Mat knew, for he had hunted walrus in Whale sound many a time.

In half an hour several pans of walrus had been sighted—it was then four in the morning—and two boats were launched; Norton, Henson, two Eskimo and myself in a rowboat; Whitney, with a crew, in the launch. We were soon busy. When an animal was killed an ear was hoisted and the ship steamed up to the spot and hauled the dead monster aboard with the winch; the boat shoving off again to search for more game. Some of the "tricks of the trade" were soon learned, for instance: a walrus killed in the water would sink nine times out of ten, and unless there was a harpoon in him would be lost. The same was generally true of one shot on an ice pan, unless killed instantly—he would slide off into the water and sink.

Our party finally returned aboard exhausted, to find that about 40 walrus had been taken.

When I awoke next morning we were dropping anchor off a little Eskimo village named Kangerderloosah, situated near the mouth of Inglefield gulf. Commander Peary had been with us aboard the Erik since leaving North Star bay and said that he would remain here long enough to give us a chance at the caribou. That afternoon we pushed off in the whaleboat, bound for the head of the gulf, our five Eskimo companions as pleased and as excited as children at the idea of a hunt. We worked along shore, zigzagging between low

slabs of ice, where sea pigeons floated and little auks dove and flew away as the boat approached. Looking over the side one could see their little black-and-white bodies shooting the water, using their wings vigorously and leaving a trail of bubbles behind. Several seals were seen and as we rounded a point half an hour later, another village appeared, the pointed huts hardly distinguishable at first from the pointed rocks. A native came out in a kayak to accompany us ashore.

At least half the population expressed a strong desire to go with us, by getting into the boat when we were making ready to leave, a compromise being finally effected by our taking along two fine-looking young bucks each dressed in a new bear and sealskin suit.

At seven the next morning the sun burst through the mist and shone on the wet rocks, the white ice in the bay, and also on the glistening black head of a curious seal wallowing about just off shore. Things were moving in no time. The huskies crawled out from under the boat cover and beat their fur clothing with sticks to get out the dampness and the oil stoves were set going in preparation for breakfast. At eight we started inland, accompanied by the Eskimo hunters, carrying rifles and a few biscuits.

The first ridge rose sharply from the shore, the trail beyond leading up a broad, rocky valley. Here we separated, my two guides turning up a dry creek bed. It was hard travelling over the broken rock in the valleys and the steep slants of the ridges, and my 405 Winchester got pretty heavy before we sighted the first game, in the shape of two blue-gray caribou bulls, feeding at the edge of a rock-rimmed pond. One of the huskies and I circled around the downwind side and crawled on our bellies up to a big boulder near the head of the pond, bringing both animals within range. As we reached the boulder and peered cautiously around it the nearer caribou began to get uneasy and started out of the water, but pulled up on the bank, at a range of about 100 yards, long enough to get himself properly shot. At that distance his coat was much the same shade of gray as the rocks on which he fell.

Not long after leaving this pond we killed, between us, 15 ptarmigan with the .22 rifle. A few hours later, standing on the top of a high ridge looking across a big valley with a lake at the bottom, the inland ice cap could be plainly seen curving down, smooth and white, smoothing all but this narrow strip of barren land along the coast; and at the foot of the ridge on the other side, standing ankle deep at the edge of another little pond, were two more caribou, a bull and a cow. We dropped back of the crest of the ridge and, following down a ravine further on, came out on a level with the pond, hidden from the sight of the game by a small hummock of rock. By crawling to the top of the hummock we were able to get a view of the pond. The caribou were still there, but lying down among the stones, and so like them in color that they were very hard to locate without the glasses—though only 300 yards distant, as

I afterward placed it. It was useless to try to get nearer, as there was no cover, and I fired at the bull and could see he was hit by the way he staggered as he jumped up and tried to run. The cow jumped up also and stood still, broadside on; and when I fired at her I could hear the bullet strike very plainly. Though it did not knock her down, she seemed unable to run, and another shot put her out of her misery.

While still at this pond the two Eskimo hunters with whom Whitney started out chased a cow and calf on the run right past us. I hit the cow in the side at the third shot and the calf stopped and was killed by one of the Eskimo.

We now had six caribou—a fair supply of meat—and two extra men to help carry it in, as the other party had had no luck. So I left them to bring in what they could and started for camp alone. On the way I killed the biggest bull of all. He was alone on a hillside and I got within range without much difficulty. Whitney was in camp and said he had seen no caribou and Norton came in a couple of hours later, tired and disgusted, having shot a calf.

Our second attempt at walrus hunting in Whale sound was practically a failure, the weather being unfavorable. The Erik was headed for Etah, where we found the Roosevelt. At Etah the shore rises abruptly on both sides of the harbor and the sharp, rocky hills were dotted with Arctic hares. They are white with black-tipped ears all the year around and have extremely long and powerful hind legs, often running along almost upright for considerable distances. They were very shy when we arrived, having been hunted for some days by men from the Roosevelt.

During the ten days spent at Etah the Roosevelt was making ready for her dash northward. The two ships lashed together, transferred supplies, coal and the vile-smelling whale meat, which we had carried for so long aboard the Erik. Coal and provisions were landed and the day before the Roosevelt sailed was spent in transferring some 250 dogs from an island, where they had been put ashore, to the Roosevelt's deck.

Early in the afternoon of the eighteenth of August the Roosevelt showed by signal that she was ready to start north. At the time the Erik was tied to the racks, landing coal, and the Roosevelt was anchored further up the bay. The captain, Norton, Whitney and I rowed over to her and Commander Peary invited us into his cabin, where we drank a glass of brandy to the health of all on board and to the success of the expedition, shook hands with everyone we could find amid the bustle and preparation of starting, and rowed back to the Erik. Whitney had decided to winter at Etah, and we left him there on the twenty-first, dropping him astern in his rowboat about an hour's run out.

Here we were homeward bound and not a sight had we had of the greatest and most desired arctic game, the white bear. It was nearly a month later before we did see one. We killed a few more walrus, Arctic hares and birds on our way south, visited the Greenland Danish settlements at Upernivik, Disco and Holstenberg and crossed Davis strait, striking the coast on the west side near the mouth of Cumberland gulf.

On the twenty-second of September, off the Labrador coast, we ran into an iceberg, the shock breaking open the old Erik pretty well back to the pavement. Fortunately the damage was about two feet above the water line; very fortunately, as none of the boats happened to be in a condition that would permit quick launching. The crash came about eight o'clock on a bright, starlight evening, with the northern lights shifting across the sky and probably blotting out the berg until it was too late to escape collision. This accident seemed to take the life right out of the old ship, though she had withstood so many dangers in the past, and it was a crippled old Erik with a badly smashed nose that finally dropped anchor in Briggs harbor.

WAS TAKING NO CHANCES

Chauffeur Had Had Enough Accidents With People Wearing False Teeth.

Prattie Thals X, who has delighted the audiences of New York's vaudeville houses, was called suddenly to Vermont to visit her sick mother. At a town a few miles from her parents' home she hired an automobile and asked the chauffeur to drive her with as much speed as possible to her destination.

The roads were very bad, and the car, making good speed up hill and down dale, over rocks and ruts, seemed bound to shake overboard its occupants.

After a little of this jolting the chauffeur turned to his fare and demanded:

"I say, ma'am. Do you wear false teeth?"

"What impudence!" exclaimed Thals X.

"Oh, ma'am, it is not from impudence," returned the chauffeur, "that I asked you the question. It is because the road is bad, the rocks are hard, and if you wear false teeth, you would do well to remove them until we strike the plio. I've had enough accidents of that description."

CURE THAT SORE THROAT

Sore throat is inflammation of the mucous membrane of the throat, and if this membrane happens to be at all sensitive a predisposition to sore throat will exist.

Paxtine Tolleit Antiseptic is both a preventative and a cure for sore throat because it possesses extraordinary cleansing, healing and germicidal qualities. Just a little in a glass of water, used as a gargle, will quickly relieve all soreness and strengthen the mucous membrane of the throat, and thus overcome all tendency to sore throat.

Paxtine is far superior to liquid antiseptics or Peroxide for all toilet and hygienic uses.

Paxtine may be obtained at any drug store, 25 and 50c a box, or sent postpaid upon receipt of price by The Paxton Tolleit Co., Boston, Mass. Send for a free sample.

Make Good.

"Wake up, Chilly," says the burglar, shaking the man by the shoulder.

The man wakes up, and jumps up, too.

"I went troo dis house las' week an' got \$100 an' a bum gold watch," explained the burglar; "an' de papers said dat you sold your loss was \$100 an' jeolly to the amount o' five or six hundred."

"Ye-yes?"

"Well, make good, sport. Me pardner dat was watchin' on de outside made me cough up de difference between what I got and what you said I got. Now, you got to make good. You can't beat me dat way."—Judge's Library.

Famous Eccentric Toasts.

Pitt, at Kidderminster, gave a toast in compliment to the carpet manufacturers.

"May the trade of Kidderminster," said Pitt, "be trampled under foot by all the world!"

A more audacious toast, freighted with double meaning, has been variously attributed to Smeaton, Erskine and to some others. This after-dinner trade sentiment was delivered in this form:

"Dam the canals, sink the coal pits, blast the minerals, consume the manufactures, disperse the commerce of Great Britain and Ireland."—Cornhill Magazine.

All Snakes Are Killers.

But all snakes, great and small, are killers. All of them eat creatures which they slay. None eat vegetable food of any kind, nor will they eat animals which they find dead. That is one reason, no doubt, why they have always been shunned and dreaded by human beings.

Words of Comfort.

"My doctor says I must sleep out of doors," said the man who is not strong.

"Well," replied the friend who makes painful efforts to cheer up, "it's all right so long as your landlord doesn't say it."

Saves Breakfast Worry—

A package of

Post Toasties

on the pantry shelf.

Served in a minute.
With cream or stewed fruit.

DELICIOUS!
SATISFYING!

"The Memory Lingers"

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd.
Battle Creek, Mich.

THE ANTIOCH NEWS

FORWARDED BY MAIL, THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1911.
A. B. JOHNSON, Editor and Prop.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1911

To give a soft answer is awful hard sometimes.

Lots of people get carried away on a train of thought.

The man who wants to be on the winning side doesn't dispute his wife.

Man deserves no credit for the good nature that is the result of indulgence.

A woman who appears charming in the kitchen would grace any position.

When haunted by hunger and poverty, it is a pleasure to see the ghost walk.

It is in vain that many people try to make others see them as they see themselves.

James J. Hill says it is the cost of high living that is tightening things up. Not with us.

The bridegroom don't count for much in the marriage ceremony—he just sort of takes a hand.

If "absence makes the heart grow fonder," the single steak ought to be prized very highly.

The reason you don't kick the man who is up is because he insists on looking you in the face.

Latin and other dead languages would have a better show if people weren't so busy living.

When a man marries the "boss" girl, he mustn't kick if he can't have his way all the time.

Luther Burbank has been accused of nature faking—but the facts probably are that he merely fools nature.

Ment is said to be necessary to sustain a person who studies. The price of education is getting prohibitive.

It's fortunate that the Congressional Record doesn't require a paid-up subscription list for admission to the rolls.

If our forests were all plum trees there would be no trouble in getting conservation legislation through congress.

The report that the bottom was going to drop out of the prices of food stuff seems to have been somewhat exaggerated.

The University of Missouri is going to institute a course in poetry writing. There are a lot of people who need to be shown.

An Atlanta man wants to exchange a cemetery lot for an automobile. His executors will probably soon be trying to trade back.

The first feminine jury in Washington convicted a man of profanity within a few minutes after they were sworn to do their duty.

A Chicago man having a million dollars started a law suit two years ago, in which a final decision was reached the other day. The poor man.

After all the fun men have made of women for their inability to throw things straight, the suffragists are hitting the mark quite frequently.

A woman's one great fault seems to be in the hats she wears—but the reason it appears that way may be because the hat hides all her other faults.

Kissing is said to convey and develop deadly germs—but we can easily imagine that a man who tried to commit suicide that way would soon find life worth living.

Reforestation is taking quite a hold of late with many of the old time politicians. Probably figure that they may have to go to the woods some day and want them handy.

There is a lot of difference between the ideal and the real. Did you ever tack your empty flower seed papers at the end of the rows and compare the flower with the picture.

It is reported that Walter Wellman is planning a surreptitious trip to Australia by balloon. Surreptitious seems to lack something in expressing Walter's way of doing things.

The man who expects to be a successful aviator has got to have the moral stamina to say "I will"—and follow those two words with a list of his property and the names of his beneficiaries.

After the democrats get into power at the next session of congress, we anticipate that there will still be some slight difference of opinion to overcome before we get the tariff fixed so that it suits all of us.

An exchange says: That chain of hospitals twenty miles apart which Mrs. Belmont plans for Long Island will be handy for automobilists and their victims. That's about the right distance apart—the automobilists can be taken into the one nearest the accident and the victim to the next one ahead.

COBB WENT OUT OF HIS LINE

Fake Stories Are Accepted, But When Writer Sees in a True One He Is Dismissed.

Years ago Irvin S. Cobb, the humorous writer, was a correspondent for various out-of-town papers while working in Paducah, Ky. (Not a great deal of genuine news for out-of-town consumption is manufactured at Paducah. As Mr. Cobb needed the money, there was a period during which it appeared that Paducah had become the news center of the middle west. Not a day passed that some astounding story was not printed under a Paducah date. "We stood for them," said the former telegraph editor of a St. Louis paper, "because they were so good, even though we knew they were fakes. But one day the boss called me in. 'Who is this man Cobb at Paducah?' he asked.

"When I had satisfied his thirst for knowledge, he told me to fire Cobb. 'I know all the stories he has written are fakes,' said he, 'but I can't stand for that one he sent us yesterday. It looks some sassy even in a fake story. It must sound as though it might, possibly, under certain conditions, be partly true.'

WHAT SENILE DEBILITY IS

Waste of Muscle, Cartilage, Bone and Nerve Tissue Consequent on Impaired Metabolism.

J. L. Naeher, New York, says that senile debility cannot be prevented, but its effects can be relieved, the mental attitude improved and a semblance of vigor restored. The cause is waste of muscle, cartilage, bone and nerve tissue, consequent on impaired metabolism. That which improves the mental condition and increases hope will improve the debility. When ambition and interest in work are lost, erectness and initiative are also lost. Aging is in great part due to mental influences. Mental stimulation through physical influences is the natural method of overcoming mental depression. Phosphorus and arsenic are useful drugs for this purpose. Hygienic and dietetic measures to lessen waste are useful. Food should be nutritious and such as require little digestive effort. Stiffness of the joints is due to hardening of the ligaments and must be followed by massage is of temporary benefit. The use of a cane for support in walking, and a comfortable padded rocking chair to support the arms, helps to acquire a better position. True senile dementia due to retile changes in the brain is a progressive embolism. Marked improvement follows small doses of morphine. This is only temporary and a habit may be formed.—Medical Record.

HATED ADVERSE CRITICISM

Actor Retorts to Critic's Opinion With a George Washington Story.

The late Frank Worthing, the well-known actor, was the subject of a recent discussion at the Pen and Pencil club in Philadelphia. A dramatic critic said:

"Worthing, though a superb actor hated adverse criticism—hyper-criticism he always called it. To some adverse criticism of mine he retorted one winter night at the Majestic, with a George Washington story.

"He said I reminded him in my critical remarks of a Scot named Saunders.

"Saunders," said an American, "did you ever read the history of America?"

"Awel, I canna say I hev," Saunders replied.

"Then I'll lend you the book," said the American. "I'd like you to read about George Washington."

"What about him?" Saunders inquired coldly.

"George Washington," said the American, "was celebrated in history as the boy who couldn't tell a lie."

"Could he no?" said Saunders. "Men, there's no muckle to be shot in that. He couldn't lie, ye say? No, we Scots has a higher standard of veracity. We can lie, but we won't!"

Stag Shooting in Scotland. About 4,000 stags are killed annually on the moors of Scotland.

WAITING IS HARD TO DO

Most of the Chagrin and Remorse We Get for Ourselves Is Due to Impatience.

Wait! Wait! Here's anything in the world so hard to do? And that there anything so necessary to learn? Most of the chagrin and remorse we get for ourselves is due to impatience. If we had waited the clouds would have passed, if we had waited the trail would have been smoothed, if we had waited we would have tarred and feathered.

To wait does not mean to be idle or indecisive. It means, time your effort. What is impossible now may be easy at a moment's notice. About four-fifths of any success is the impatience of time. To know when, is fully as important as to know how.

Wait for the boy to grow! What you cannot lead him to do, he will come to do twenty.

The best things in the world grow. They mature and ripen. You can build a house in a few days, but it takes a tree years to be complete, and a tree is more wonderful than a house.

The higher the grade of your thought and feeling, the more you need to learn to wait. In education, in government and in religion especially we have to reckon with what Emerson calls "the slow maturing of the human mind."

I read somewhere the whimsy saying of a wise woman, that there were three things that amused her: The first was climbing trees to shake down the fruit, which if left alone would fall by and of itself; the second was going to war to kill men, who in a few years would all die naturally; and the third was that men should run after women when, if the men would wait, the women would run after them.—Dr. Frank Crane.

Positively Rude!

Because she wanted everybody else to know as well as she knew that she had small feet the woman who had offered to lend rubbers to a friend, added apologetically: "But they are so big I don't suppose you can keep them on."

"Oh, I guess I can," said the friend serenely. "I have big feet, too."

Since then the woman with small feet has refused to see her friend, even when she brought the rubbers home.

In Line.

Suitor—Your daughter, sir—well, or—that is—she told me to come to you—she says you—

Father—Quite so—I understand. Let's see, are you Mr. Bronson or Mr. Wibbly?

Suitor—Why, I'm Mr. Hotchkiss—Brooklyn Life.

ANTI-LORIMER MEETING IN ROW

(Continued from first page)

its senators who voted that the "silly" Lorimer retain his seat; and, therefore, built

Resolution, That we demand the resignation of both Senators Lorimer and Chalmers, and that copies of these resolutions be sent to them and a copy given to the press.

There was a question in the minds of many Monday as to the right of two of the members of the committee who drafted the resolution adopted at the meeting—Society. Many claimed that Mr. T. J. Williams and W. T. Jundy were not residents of Waukegan, and therefore any resolution offered or drafted by them could not be called a Waukegan measure.

There are no grounds for the suspicion, it being stated by two pastors, Rev. McGinnis and Rev. Higginbotham, that both are Waukegan men. Mr. Jundy is an employee of the North Chicago Hardware company and resides at 524 North County street. Mr. Williams is a retired man and has recently purchased the former Alden residence in Mill Court.

The Highest Hike Flights. The art of flying kites is carried to its greatest perfection at the large aerological observatories, and the best records of altitudes up to date have been made at Mount Weather, Va., and Lindenberg, Germany. The former station is 3,250 meters above sea level, the latter only 1,120, a circumstance that should be remembered in comparing the records made in the two places. The following list of the highest flights, recently published by Dr. Assmann, gives the altitude above the ground, not above sea level: 1, Mount Weather, 6,740 meters; 2, Lindenberg, 6,880 meters; 3, Mount Weather, 6,810 meters; 4, Mount Weather, 6,434 meters; 5, Lindenberg, 6,330 meters; 6, Mount Weather, 6,379 meters.

Greatest Thing in Life.

Neither rich furniture, nor abundance of gold, nor a descent from an illustrious family, nor greatness of authority, nor eloquence and all the charms of appealing, can produce so great a serenity of life as a mind free from guilt, kept untainted, not only from actions, but purposes, that are wicked.—Plutarch.

Surprise.

"Aren't you surprised at Lord Luvv for contracting such enormous debts?"

"No," replied Mr. Cumrox, "I'm not surprised at him; only his creditors."

Many Dogs in France.

There are more dogs in France than in any other country. There are about 100,000,000 dogs in France and only 28 in England, 31 in Germany and 11 in Sweden. Still, hydropobia is extremely rare in the department of the Seine, the "Maitresse observed during back to the year 1805. Doctor Martel says this good state of things has been brought about by the law for killing rabidly every mad dog, but also for killing every dog, any small dog may have bitten or played with. But since this law cannot work out to perfection the French also exterminate all stray dogs.

The Other Way Around.

Mr. Angus—"If you knew how to cook you could save money." Mrs. Angus—"If you knew how to save money you could employ a cook."

Answers.

Answers.

The Blue Rose.

A nurseryman at Falmouth, Ohio, has developed a blue rose. This has been a quest of horticulturists, so the new rambler is a triumph of science. The green rose and the black rose are interesting traits, but they are not beautiful. The blue rose, however, should be the most beautiful. It should have about it that velvet glow which makes the spell of roses. In the midst of poets and mystics the blue rose has long shed a fragrance over the garden of dreams. It was said that whoever had been aroused by the wild sweetness of the perfume of the blue rose would never rest again until he had found the far clear heights on which this rose is blown. It was said that the blue rose cast a spell over all who touched it, and that life was never again the same. Well, the blue rose will at last be common among men, but the dreamer will still lift his face to the stars.—Los Angeles Times.

JOINT SERVICE

BELL TELEPHONE AND

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH

Every Bell Telephone a Telegraph Station

Effective February 1, 1911

If you are a subscriber to the Bell Telephone System and wish to send a Telegram, a Night Letter or a Cablegram, use your Telephone.

Say "Telegram" to the operator and you will be connected with a Western Union office from which your message will be sent by telegraph and charged in your monthly account.

At night, on Sunday or Holidays, when the local telegraph office may be closed, you will be connected with an open Western Union office without additional charge.

Telegrams and Cablegrams may also be sent from our Public Pay Stations. The arrangements vary at different classes of stations, but as rapidly as possible we shall equip them with full directions.

Chicago

Telephone Company

The Sale of Friedman's Cloak and Suit Stock

Will continue for a limited time longer and we are still offering bargains which are creating a great interest owing to the exceptionally strong values, and which are worth hurrying after. We call your particular attention to the items below which are only a few of the many attractive offerings at this store throughout the entire week.

Special		Special	
American Beauty, Kabo and W. B. corsets, \$1 value	49c	Persian and patent leather belts, former price 25 and 50c, our sale price	5c
on sale at		50 dozen Dutch collars and Jabots in all designs and patterns, regular 25c and 50c	5c
American Beauty, Kabo and W. B. corsets, regular	69c	value, our sale price	
1.50 and \$3 kind at		One lot of Ladies' hand bags 50c and 75c value, on sale	14c
American Beauty, Kabo and W. B. corsets, the \$2 and \$2.50 kind on sale	99c	100 Ladies' 7 inch purses on sale at	5c
Slim Princess front lacing corset, \$3.50 value, sale price	1.50	100 dozen Ladies' handkerchiefs at	1c
W. B. Reduso corset, large sizes, 25 to 35, \$3 and \$3.50 value for	1.00	100 dozen Eiffel Brand Ladies' hose, all colors, 50c value, to close at	15c



Watch Papers for Our Spring Opening	SIMONS	Watch Papers for Our Spring Opening
CLOAK AND SUIT STORE Successor to Friedman Cloak and Suit Co., Waukegan		

our opportunity—who knows? If you have a backbone, you can find out. Silver Trail Mining Company stock is 100 a share—write for information.

SILVER TRAIL MINING COMPANY

RURAL NEWS ITEMS

BRISTOL

Mrs. C. F. Perkins visited in Chicago several days last week.

G. P. Willett is enjoying a visit of his father from Canada this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Bishop of Kenosha spent Sunday with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Weinke of Antioch visited the formers parents last week.

A. E. Tarbell is at present relieving the agent at Hebron for a month or six weeks.

Miss Jessie Shumway visited over Sunday with her sister Mrs. Wm. Foulke.

Roy Firchow and a lady friend from Kenosha were over Sunday visitors at the formers parents.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Gaines of Sheboygan, visited relatives here last week, returning in their car.

Leo Gilbert and Chas. Pohlman are both still confined to the house but are pleased to say are on the gain.

Mrs. F. R. Snyder who spent the winter with her daughter in New Mexico, is expected home this week.

Quite a number from here attended the Spencer Cull sale on Tuesday which was attended by a large crowd.

J. E. Dixon with a force of men are now working on the cottages at Pleasant Prairie which were damaged by the explosion.

The sun crossed the line with the wind in the southwest. Indications point to an early spring. Better look up those garden tools.

Miss Edith Snyder is teaching school for a couple of weeks near Somers, filling the place of one of the teachers who was recently injured in an auto accident.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Steinbeck are staying with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Dixon, until their home at Pleasant Prairie which was shattered by the powder mill explosion is put in readiness for them.

MILLBURN

Ed. Wells and family will move to Antioch soon.

Mrs. Perkins of Kenosha visited her sister, Mrs. J. A. Thain.

Rob. Lewis of Waukegan called on Millburn friends Monday.

Miss Ruby Gillings spent several days with friends and relatives in Waukegan.

Miss Annie McCredie of Waukegan spent a few days with her brother and sister.

Newton LeVey and family have moved into the house back of the church known as the Henry Wedge place.

The Misses Pearl, Maud and Ruby Cleveland visited with home folks the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Tower have purchased a farm and will move onto the place in the near future.

Mrs. Ward Bain of Racine, spent Tuesday and Wednesday with her mother, Mrs. Robt. Strang.

Miss Clara Foote returned home Monday from Wheaton, Ill., where she had been visiting a niece, Mrs. Ralph Wheaton.

The Doors of Old South. The restoration of the interior of the Old South meeting house is rapidly progressing. From many odd quarters parts of the old furnishings have been collected and placed in their original positions. The pulpit of 1857 is there, with the mahogany winged reading desk, but careful search and inquiry failed to locate the two mahogany doors which formed the entrance to the pulpit on each side. These doors were of peculiar curved shape and would be quite useless for any other purpose. This has given rise to the hope that they are still in existence and that with greater publicity of the need the one in whose possession they now are will be found.—Boston Transcript.

Daily Thought.

Youth is invariably present in the old age of a great man. He never completely loses life's first elixir.—Prof. Harris Bleford.

Has Millions of Friends

How would you like to number your friends by millions as Bucklen's Arnica Salve does? Its astounding cures in the past forty years made them. Its best sale in the world for sores, ulcers, eczema, burns, boils, scalds, cuts, corns, sore eyes, sprains, swellings, bruises, cold sores. Has no equal for piles. 25c at J. H. Swan's.

RUSSELL

Mrs. Benner is still on the gain.

Jay Eddie of Waukegan was a Russell visitor Sunday.

F. D. Newell was a Chicago caller on Sunday and Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Merrie visited at Waukegan Saturday.

Mrs. Ray Kelly, who has been very ill, is improving slowly.

Mr. and Mrs. G. P. McNamara and son, are spending a few days at Grayslake.

Mrs. J. H. Kelly entertained her sister, Mrs. Powers, of Round Lake, over Sunday.

Mrs. Julia Thompson of Jackson, Mich., visited with relatives here during last week.

Mrs. B. J. Melville entertained Mr. and Mrs. Warner Colby and family of Forest Glenn over Sunday.

The repairing of the church will be done in the near future. Much damage was done by the recent explosion.

The many friends of Miss Mina Robinson were surprised to hear of her marriage and extend congratulations. Also to Miss Daisy Doves who was married at Denver last week.

HICKORY

Mrs. Earl Edwards visited at Geo. Edwards Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Hunter spent Sunday at the Pickle home.

Mr. and Mrs. James Webb and Robert of Richmond, called on Dare Pullen Sunday.

Dave Pullen had an attack of the grippe last week, but is able to be out again.

Miss Nellie Hanley of Chicago, visited with her aunt, Mrs. Pickles, part of last week.

Mr. Wallace Webb of Kenosha visited with Christopher Webb a couple of days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Wells were seen on Hickory streets Sunday afternoon. They expect to reside in Antioch and will move there soon.

Frank, Bert and Cora Edwards, Miss Christofferson and Corena Kaulf visited the explosion ruins on Sunday.

From the Blue Bird.

In Macerlue's "Blue Bird" little Tyltyl goes to some far-off heavenly place to learn that love abides with him at home. There he meets Mother Love. He says he wishes to stay with her always, where she looks so beautiful to him. She answers. But it's just the same thing; I am down below, we are all down below.

You have come up here only to realize and to learn, once and for all, how to see me when you see me down below.

Do you understand, Tyltyl, dear? You believe yourself in heaven; but heaven is wherever you and I kiss each other.

There are not two mothers, and you have no other. Every child has only one; and it is always the same one and always the most beautiful; but you have to know her and to know how to look.

Attacks School Principal

A severe attack on school principal Chas. B. Allen, of Sylvan, Ga., is thus told by him. "For more than three years," he writes, "I suffered indescribable torture from rheumatism, liver and stomach trouble and diseased kidneys. All remedies failed until I used Electric Bitters, but four bottles of this wonderful remedy cured me completely." Such results are common. Thousands bless them for curing stomach trouble, female complaints, kidney disorders, biliousness, and for new health and vigor. Try them. Only 50c at J. H. Swan's.

Fame.

It is a great honor for a statesman to have his portrait circulated before the gaze of posterity on our national currency," remarked the treasury official.

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "and yet did you ever know anybody to hold on to a dollar bill long enough to know whose picture is on it?"

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery

FOR COUGHS AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.

GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

NOT KEEPING FAITH

A Legislative Clique Threatening to Betray People of Illinois

STATUS OF WATERWAY PLAN

Funds Not Sufficient for Authorized Work and Federal Government Holds Back—What Passage of Schmitt Bill Means.

Will the deep waterway propaganda keep faith with the people? This is essentially all there is to the deep waterway and water power proposition as it is now before the general assembly of Illinois. When a state wide campaign for a lakes-to-the-gulf deep waterway was begun by Senator Lorimer and his associates the people were promised that if they would vote a twenty million dollar bond issue, it would assure the co-operation of the federal government, and result in a deep waterway of not less than 14 feet from Chicago to the Gulf. The importance of this waterway to commerce was exploited at great length. The hope was held out of much lower freight rates for everyone and largely increased shipping facilities; that that was the only way to bring the railroads to time and that this construction by the state would give it control of the water power feature, which it was estimated would pay off the bonds before they were due.

The people fixed a money limit and what it was to produce, all based upon representations made to them in the campaign. It is now up to the governor and the general assembly to deliver the goods, or not to spend the money at all. It is simply a question of keeping faith with the people or breaking it.

According to the act, the general assembly was given authority to expend twenty millions, or so much thereof as might be necessary to "create a deep waterway or canal, to be a part of a general plan or scheme of deep waterway." (Note the general plan.)

Uncle Sam Doesn't Join In.

The only power competent to deal with a general plan or scheme of deep waterway of course is the United States government. Up to this time, however, it has adopted no such general plan or scheme, and on the contrary has refused to do so. Unless the federal government joins, the waterway will end at Utica instead of the Gulf.

The International Improvement Commission was appointed by the governor to make up, among other duties, an estimate of the cost of a complete deep waterway and water power, as contemplated by the constitutional amendment carrying the bonds.

The report shows by item an estimated cost of \$19,957,517, leaving a surplus for safety of less than \$13,000; surely a very small sum for such a great project.

But this is not the worst of it. The estimated cost omits some items that must be considered, which will total a large sum. Not a dollar appears to be set aside for administration, legal expenses, court costs, engineering, supervision or damages of any kind, etc., etc.

The sum of \$340,000 is put down for the cost of the right of way, 60 miles long, through towns, cities, villages and farms. Comment on the inadequacy of this item seems superfluous.

Can any member vote to expend the money on such a showing when it is morally certain that it will be lost? It would be far safer and more business like to go back to the people and tell them another twenty million dollars will be required, and get their answer to it.

What Schmitt Bill Means.

If other proof is necessary to show the funds are not sufficient to give the people what they authorized, the Schmitt bill, just introduced in the legislature as "the administration waterways measure," furnishes the proof. This bill does not provide for a deep waterway at all, but a waterway of such depth as the money voted will pay for. In other words, the bill proposes to spend the money, complete the dams, locks and powerhouses, and whatever is left, if anything, will be expended upon the channel. The Lord only knows how much that will be. It may be only sufficient to duplicate the old Illinois and Michigan canal, which it parallels.

Easy to Protect People's Rights.

Powerful political influences are behind this scheme, and it is proposed to jam it through the general assembly using the "boy man" that unless this is done some great corporate interests will gobble up the water power sites and rob posterity of this valuable asset. They ask: Is it not the duty of the state to take immediate steps to protect the people's interest? This protection can be easily had. All the state has to do is to charter a tug or launch and go up and down the channel, above and below the Marseilles dam, and make a record that the channel is navigable in fact. The state has boat, or any other old craft will do. Ten days and a few hundred dollars will do the trick. This will double seam and copper rivet the people's rights for all time, as no one can dam a navigable channel without a permit of the federal government to do so—why not do it that way?

N. HOWARD H. GROSS.

BARTENDER WAS IRRITATING

One in St. Louis Aggravated the English Actor, and Then Declined to Be Kicked.

An English actor, who has an agent as English as they make 'em, does not like American bartenders in general, and for the bartenders in St. Louis he entertains a particular aversion.

"I went into a bar in St. Louis, dear boy," he said on one occasion, "and I ordered a bottle of beer. The bartender, don't you know, did not hand me the beer. He dashed it down on the bar and slid it along for about ten or twelve feet, don't you know. It stopped right in front of me. I looked at him with a stony stare, as was quite proper, but he paid no attention to me."

"Then I gave him a quartah. He threw on the bar a coin, which rolled on the floor. Again I stared at him, as if to insult him, but he paid no attention to me whatever—none what evah. So I called a small black boy and said to him:

"You will find a coin on the floor, and you can have it for your trouble." "Then I turned to the bartender: 'If you will come from behind that bar I will kick into you some knowledge of what is polite and proper on the part of a bartender.'"

"But he would not come from behind the bar. Then I gave him the number of my room, and told him I would be glad to see him there at any time and give him the kick which he deserved. But he never came to the room."

"So, you see, dear boy, your American bartenders are impolite, and they won't be kicked. What is a gentleman to do?"—Popular Magazine.

Keenly Observant.

"Do you think that college professor is correct in saying poverty will become obsolete?"

"I shouldn't be surprised," replied Mrs. Cumrox. "I note even now that it is very unfashionable."

Specimen Ballot
People's Town Ticket

ELECTION TUESDAY, APRIL 4, 1911

For Supervisor

☐ ERNEST SIMONS

For Highway Commissioner

☐ NED BATES

For Constables

☐ GEORGE HUBER

☐ BERT BOWN

For Precinct Committeemen

☐ WALLACE DROM

☐ JOHN CRIBB

☐ FRANK HARDEN

☐ FOR levying a special tax of thirty cents on each one hundred dollars assessed valuation of all the taxable property, including railroads, in Antioch township for one year for the purpose of constructing and maintaining gravel, rock, macadam or other hard roads in said township.

☐ AGAINST levying a special tax of thirty cents on each one hundred dollars assessed valuation of all the taxable property, including railroads, in Antioch township for one year for the purpose of constructing and maintaining gravel, rock, macadam or other hard roads in said township.

Eaters and Cooks in New York City. While we have French, Italian, Chinese and Spanish restaurants and one or two chopouses which would be quite English were it not for their German waiters, it would be difficult to name a single kitchen in the town that excels in the preparation of our homely American dishes in the very best fashion. Bad as it is to tell it, not one of our famous bouffantes makes a serious effort to preserve the noble traditions of native cookery that are embodied in corned beef hash, pork and beans with a little molasses, fish cakes made from fresh cod, Indian pudding and chicken gumbo, not to mention such costly delicacies as terrapin and canvasback.—New York Herald.

PRINTZESS
Garments Attract Both Eye and Purse

STYLE beauties are here for you to admire—at prices unusually attractive. Everything that fashion has proclaimed right, in sufficiently wide selection to meet your requirements.

Individuality is expressed in every line of these graceful PRINTZESS suits and coats that await your approval.

Besides the many suits and coats for ladies we have a complete assortment of Misses and Junior coats that you will be delighted with.

Come in for a try-on so you can see the perfect fit and workmanship of the Printzess garments.

G. R. Lyon & Sons

Big Saving in Groceries

Gold Medal flour, 1-4 barrel sack with grocery order of \$2.00 or more, sugar not included **\$1.39**

21 lbs. fine granulated sugar with grocery order of \$2 or more..... 90c
Three packages of Corn Flake for..... 24c
Twelve bars of Calumet Family soap for..... 24c
Seven bars of Galyaic soap for..... 24c

Two packages large size Johnson Washing Powder for..... 25c
Three packages of Minceo Ment for..... 25c
Five gallons of Koroseno for.... 45c
Two packages of Yeast Foam for 5c

We sell at cost all the hardware and tinware which is now displayed on our bargain counter
A full line of all kinds of seeds just received

A. ROTH, Lake Villa, Illinois
Successor to D. Sugar